

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1919

College Bred Cooks for Hire, Smith Girls Will Prepare Meals and Entertain Guests

To Aid in the \$4,000,000 Endowment Fund These
Girls Will Enter Your Home and Serve a Dinner
From Soup to Nuts; They Will Work in Groups

By Fay Stevenson

YES, we are still talking about solving the servant problem. A few days ago Mrs. Crosby J. Benkes of White Plains told of a plan to organize a school for household assistants. She spoke of the good, old-fashioned Irish, German and Swedish immigrant girls as a thing of the past. She said that the next best thing we could do was to employ a higher class of American girls—high school girls preferred—pay them on the same basis as a man pays his stenographer or office assistant.

But this time we are going to even give them eight hours a day and a forty-four-hour week and call them household assistants.

There was the Door to which I found I could not go. There was the Veil through which I could not see. Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee. There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

Well, all that can happen in your household if you just know where to apply for the proper kind of help. Smith College graduates are simply "just crazy" to cook a dinner for you, serve it and assist you to entertain in any line. And whisper!—the real reason they are so willing to help you out and enter the field of well-to-do domestic service is that every penny you pay them is to aid in the campaign for the \$4,000,000 endowment fund which the institution is seeking to raise.

"It is actually true that one may obtain a college-bred cook or waitress," I asked Mrs. Hannah Dunlop Andrews, Chairman of the Fund Committee, at the temporary office, at No. 17 West 47th Street.

"Indeed, it is," replied Mrs. Andrews, with emphasis upon the last word. "Of course, our graduates will not actually 'serve out,' that is, they will not be hired for any length of time by the week or by the month, but they will be available for a dinner party or a bridge luncheon for a hostess and assume every bit of the responsibility for the evening, just as a caterer might."

"Have perfectly lovely!" I exclaimed. "Most women have learned that they can do a good part, if not all of their own housework, but nearly every housewife balks at serving and getting up a dinner for company. She will cook and wait upon the members of her own immediate family, but when it comes to having guests to dinner or giving a party—well the housewives aren't doing it, that is all."

Is It Boots or Anklets For Milady This Winter?

By Margaret Rohe

INCOMING ships are bringing heaps of exciting things to our shores these days, besides royalties and Bolsheviki. Not the least of these were worn by two dashing American matrons when they put their best foot foremost down the gangplanks the other day. One wore an alluring golden anklet that gleamed seductively through the transparent mesh of her gossamer silk hose and the other swaggered down in a dashing little pair of honest-to-goodness regular Russian ballet boots.

You can take your choice between these two divergent styles according to your temperament and the turn of your ankle. It's always well to remember, however, that where there's a well turned ankle there's many a well turned head. And it does seem such a wicked waste of short skirts, sleek, lustrous and slender shanks to go and drag boots on the scene.

Nevertheless there be many who are doing it—some because they follow zealously every vagary of the mode, whether it means baring their backs or booting their toes, others (and naturally all bootee devotees rest under this suspicion) because their ankle lines, or rather lumps, make boots the lesser of two evils.

There are lots of boot styles to choose from when it comes to color schemes and ornamentation, though the general cut of all the boots is about the same. All over patent kid ones are smart and these of patent kid lowered with light kid uppers, either gray beige or tan, have designs of the black patent kid on their turn over cuffs at their tops.

All gray or light tan boots of suede are softer and more form-fitting, as it were, and a few sport tassels with fur trimmings even to the elaborate limit of a bit of hard tooling here and there like an edition de luxe.

We have been teased with this boot-fad ere this, but it didn't stick sufficiently to make a deep boot print on the minds of fashion or a deep impression on femininity. The

very fact that the price of leather is so high nowadays as to almost make these high boots prohibitive except to the most expensive and exclusive trade may put the stamp of approval on them now that they lacked when the hoi polloi could afford to be boot-toed with the best of them.

The high cost of booting makes rather for the ankle as a more popular foot adornment of the season, however, and especially does it go well with the Oriental trouser effects so prevalent among our best skirts these days. The skirts puffed in around the hem do their worst to stimulate haremlike effects and there is a return to this fashion of a season ago that bids fair to exceed even the success of its debut. In that wicked Paris more blatantly bifurcated garments have been flaunted in the face of convention and if this sort of thing keeps on and up lovely woman may be able to tuck her trousers in the tops of her boots like a regular wild Western fellow when she goes to cast her vote at the next Presidential election, by heck.

The Evening World Daily Magazine

American Girl Must Have \$32,000 Annually To Support a House and French Husband



MARION IS HOFFMAN

Women have a little bit of pride left, and then a hostess cannot talk and entertain her guests if she has to keep looking up and down from the table to attend to a second assistant cook and bottle washer, will also wait upon the table. These three young ladies will enter your home, suggest an appropriate menu, or follow out your suggestions, prepare the food just as caterers, serve it and clean up every single thing for you, so that the next morning you will never know you gave a party the night before!

"And the food will be properly prepared and everything performed in a very scientific manner, I'll wager!" I laughed.

"Well, of course, we don't wish to throw bouquets at ourselves, advertise 'Leave it to us' or 'It can't be done at all if we can't do it,' but all our prospective cooks hold diplomas from the Northampton institution, and they ought to know how to do things."

"I suppose the table would be set just right, the flowers arranged artistically and many a hostess absolutely relieved of many of the responsibilities that even the best of caterers do not assume," I volunteered. "Pray, tell us what the wages of these young ladies will be?"

Mrs. Andrews replied that these details had not been settled and advised me to see two of her assistants, Miss Finch and Miss Norris. Both young ladies said that the "catering corps," as they are called, had not yet decided upon the exact wages to be paid for an evening, but that it would be less expensive than the average caterer or cooks and waitresses that one hires for evening or afternoon affairs like this.

"In fact, the whole idea of this, that is, of our plan to raise money for the endowment fund," said Miss Finch, "is to reduce the H. C. of L. and help solve the servant question throughout the country. These are excellent recipes, which have the proper calories and food proteins, but are beyond one's means to make if one is a housewife. These are excellent recipes, which have the proper calories and food proteins, but are beyond one's means to make if one is a housewife. These are excellent recipes, which have the proper calories and food proteins, but are beyond one's means to make if one is a housewife."

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When the time is ripe the man you need fear will lose his bloom, and if you aren't ready and if you aren't ready you'll soon be greeting the sheriff.

Slander is the weed that grows from the seed of jealousy. Slander never avails; it always has an ugly rebuff. Envy shoots at others, but personally hits itself.

"The man that keeps blowing in the dirt inevitably fills his own eyes. Talk cannot balk worth. Whipped lies and foul mouthings occasionally take a man by surprise, but can never withhold his prize. If you're going to pet every backer you'll spend half your life throwing stones."

Nothing short of a cataclysm can ground an oak. All the doddering muckrakers, the twittering scandal-mongers, all the sour-mouled blatherskites in the world can't keep one strong man down.

Merit will climb and climb and climb till from its pinnacle it looks down wonderingly upon the jabbering, ape-like masses that would claw and rend and sunder, but are too wee to matter.

INTERESTING NOTES OF SCIENCE. A new cabinet for phonographs and records is mounted on two legs and two wheels so that it can be moved easily. Bread made with sea water instead of fresh water is recommended by a French scientist for invalids and children. Tests made in Ireland by scientists have shown that the wind carries some disease bacteria 300 feet and as high as sixty feet into the air.

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Fables of the Fair

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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The Fable of the Chicken Hound—Moral: You Can't Teach an Old Dog the New Woman.

He had freckles On his bald head; A dyed mustache; And rheumatism—although he never admitted it. Still, he had a busy eye. And an imagination working the sixteen-hour day. For such as him they put on the "none-of-'em-twenty" chorus in the musical shows.

He was a chicken hound. But as he grew older—and thriftier—Even to the youngest, most baby-blue-eyed chorus girl He preferred the pretty, silly, intense, hero-worshipping flapper. To whom it was SO EASY to appear a "Master Builder."

An ardent, all-conquering—albeit unappreciated—GREAT MAN, instead of a little, old, shriveled, dried-pea soul Battling in the pod of its own egotism. His method was simple. First, he was fatherly: He called her "little girl."

Let his hand rest protectively on her shoulder, Listened with flattering interest to what she thought were her thoughts, Thanked her for listening to "an old man like himself": (How he licked up her swift, whole-hearted denials of his senility!) He gave her an expurgated—but not too much expurgated—edition of his life!

"You are a Woman," he said, "not a Child; you will UNDERSTAND!" And the child colored and thrilled and said it was wonderful to have a MAN for a friend—She got so tired of silly boys. In the final scene He always assured her that she was driving him mad, that her eyes were stolen from some dead queen (he stole that line from Richard Le Gallienne), that if he were ten years younger—but of course he could not spoil her life!

Pleasantly thrilled, Without a stain on his character, He left her sobbing, shaken by force she did not comprehend, And an spoiled for normal young love as an abstinence sipper for a diet of bread and milk. Because he never played with sirens, widows and others trained in the art of emotional self-defense, Not a thing happened to him. Till he met the brown-eyed little ingenue—

Nobody at the summer resort dreamed she was a college graduate, Already writing analytical fiction for the magazines. A clear-eyed, cool-blooded, ruthlessly "new" young woman, Who didn't believe in P. C. A. regulations held for men. He staged his favorite drama. With gratifying success—till the last act. Then, in the midst of his impassioned, impromptu (for the thirty-eighth time) curtain speech, He heard a strange sound.

The girl LAUGHED! In his hush of horror, she said rapidly, "Oh, I beg your pardon! But I had heard you were such a heart-breaker! I need one for my first novel, and I just had to see you in action. Besides, I wondered how it would make me feel, and if I should forget the freckles on your head—I can't, and they're funny, and I don't think I shall ever fall in love—at least, not with an OLD man!" Thus, by one operation, without anaesthetics, He lost his time-hallowed technique, his gay-dogishness, his VANITY!

And he slunk away, muttering savagely, "The first blamed woman ever to use ME for a test-tube!" Again Somebody laughed— This time it was Nemesis!

What Would You Do?

By Helen Cramp

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A feature, semi-fictional in method, designed to point out: 1. Mistakes made in choosing careers; 2. Particular qualities necessary to particular vocations, and 3. The danger of haphazardness. The questions assist in bringing out the point of the story, and in stimulating thought about it.

THE LURE OF SELLING "WHO'S that chap?" the chief asked, as a long-limbed American youth in uniform disappeared in the elevator. "Oh, that's an old chum of mine just back from overseas—a Lieutenant—who has seen some pretty active service."

"Humph! Send him in to see me the next time he comes in." "All right, sir."

The chief was a self-made man of the old school who knew selling from end to end and had a shrewd way of sizing up people and literally lining up men whom he spotted as possible good salesmen. He had noted Lieut. Seward's easy grace, his strong, clean-cut features and frank smile. A smile like that was worth many thousands a year of the house—it was a matter of cold dollars and cents.

Seward was duly interviewed. The old man got right "down to brass tacks." He looked into the deep blue eyes that did not flinch and knew that he would get the truth. "What do you want to do?" he asked.

"Well, I've had some experience with boys and I thought I'd like to have a school or a camp or something of that sort," Seward felt apologetic, he didn't know just why.

"There's no money in that," the old man remarked disdainfully. "Now you get into the selling game and there's real money for you. I started in the same as you and now I have a couple of millions. You're, let me see, how old?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Well, it's time you got down to something. You come in here Monday morning. I'll make a place for you. I'll teach you the game. I won't expect you to sell anything for a year or two, but I'll pay you a salary—\$20 a week to start—my loss—and when you begin to sell I'll pay you what you are worth—ask Langdon; ask any of the others whether this is not my old man's eye rested on

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stich

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Too Wee. RATTLESNAKES cause few fatalities; they advertise too loudly. Barthelemy do not forewarn, neither do you know, neither does lightning; it is the unexpected that checks careers and wrecks constitutions.

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The Mystic Book

An Educational Puzzle

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THIS is the Mystic Book. It is cut in half, contains a question, hieroglyphics and funny figures. It is customary when seeking information to open a book, but the Mystic Book will answer the question only when joined together.

HOW TO JOIN THE MYSTIC BOOK. Cut out the picture on the four heavy lines, fold across and back on dotted line No. 1; then fold this over until dotted line No. 1 just meets dotted line No. 2.

This joins the book and reveals the answer. Keep the picture for reference.

POPULATION OF THE CANAL ZONE. According to a census of the Canal Zone taken by the police and Fire Division, the total civil population is 21,759, of whom 7,081 are Americans and 14,678 of other nationalities. There are 10,517 men, 4,814 women and 6,428 children. A year ago the total civil population of the Zone was 21,707 and two years ago it was 22,296. The total number of Government employees is 9,628, of whom 3,817 are Americans and 5,811 of other nationalities.

Seventeen-year-old Marion K. Hoffman has rather more leeway, however. She is the daughter of the late Charles Frederick Hoffman Jr., President of the Hoffman estates. When

He died recently it was found that in his will he had authorized the executors to devote \$50,000 annually to the education and maintenance of his daughter, in order that she might keep up the state of life suitable to one in her station. When she is twenty-one she will receive the principal of a trust fund, said to be more than \$1,000,000, left her by her grandfather, in addition to the millions from her father's estate.

But the youngest poor little rich girl is the richest of all. Eleven-year-old Adelaide Brevoort Close, daughter of Mrs. E. H. Close, will have an income of \$50,000 for the current year from her father's estate. Adelaide is the little girl who celebrated her seventh birthday by having a private matinee of a real circus—clowns, monkeys, pink lemonade and all—for herself and her little friends on the lawn of her mother's home at Rockridge, Greenwich, Conn.

How do poor people manage to live, anyway? How does a poor little rich young lady, with or without an expensive foreign-born husband, manage to keep the wolf from the door, the profiteer from the drawing room?

old man's eye rested on